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The BARNYARD VILLAGE

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The BARNYARD VILLAGE

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The BARNYARD VILLAGE

Being the Story of

MR. BLUE PEACOCK

by

EDNA GROFF DEIHL

Author of

LITTLE BLACK HEN, HOLIDAY TIME STORIES
MOTHER BROWN EARTH'S CHILDREN

Pictured by

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ALBERT WHITMAN & CO.
CHICAGO

1934

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Reprinted 1934

MR. BLUE PEACOCK

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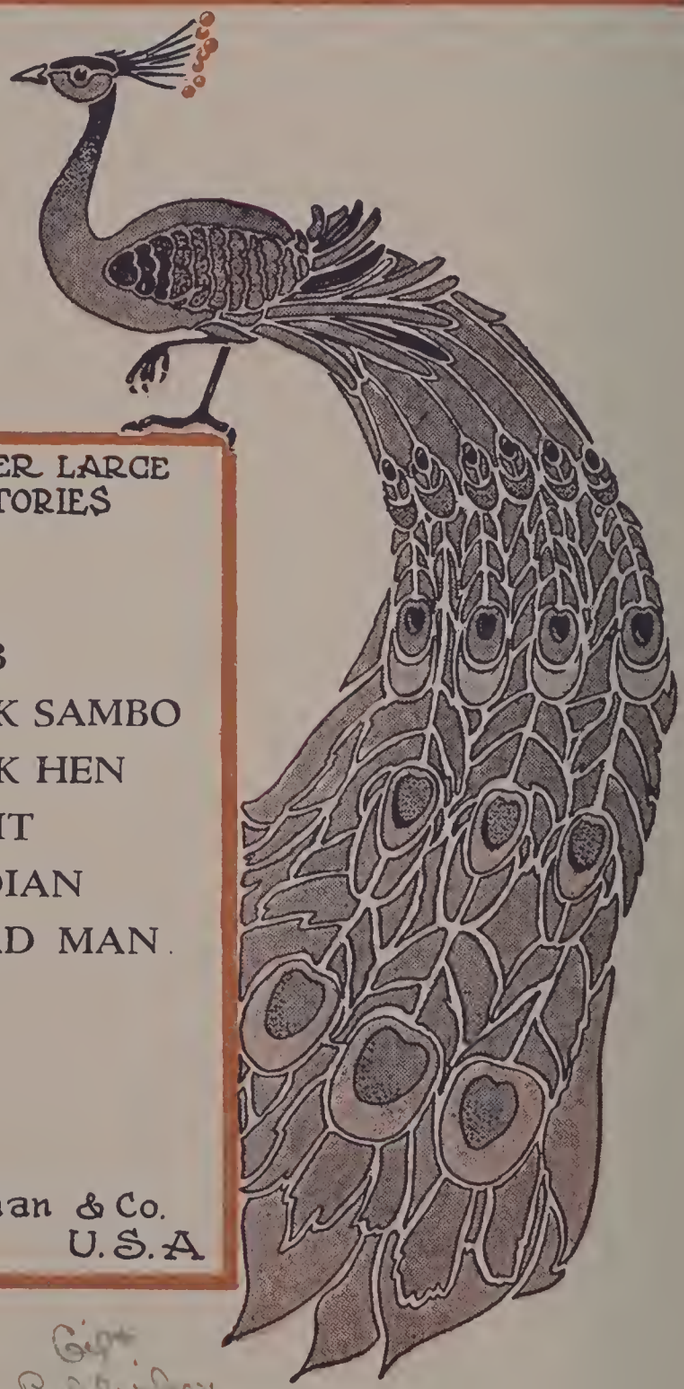

TITLES OF OTHER LARGE PICTURE STORIES

TOM THUMB
LITTLE BLACK SAMBO
LITTLE BLACK HEN
PETER RABBIT
THE BIG INDIAN
GINGERBREAD MAN.

Albert Whitman & Co.
Chicago U.S.A

Gift
Publisher
June 12 1936

JUNIOR PRESS BOOKS
Published in the U.S.A.

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PREFACE

The Story of MR. BLUE PEACOCK will be as music in the children's ears, and the illustrations a delight to eager eyes. The story presented will easily be understood and will leave its impress in the little minds, with a good purpose.

The author in writing the story has placed the character facts, about the fowls in this book, in such form as to attract the attention of the little ones, and be readily fixed in their memory.

The story of MR. BLUE PEACOCK goes forth in the children's world with the ideal that the story will entertain them and meet with the approval of every lover of the young.

The Publishers

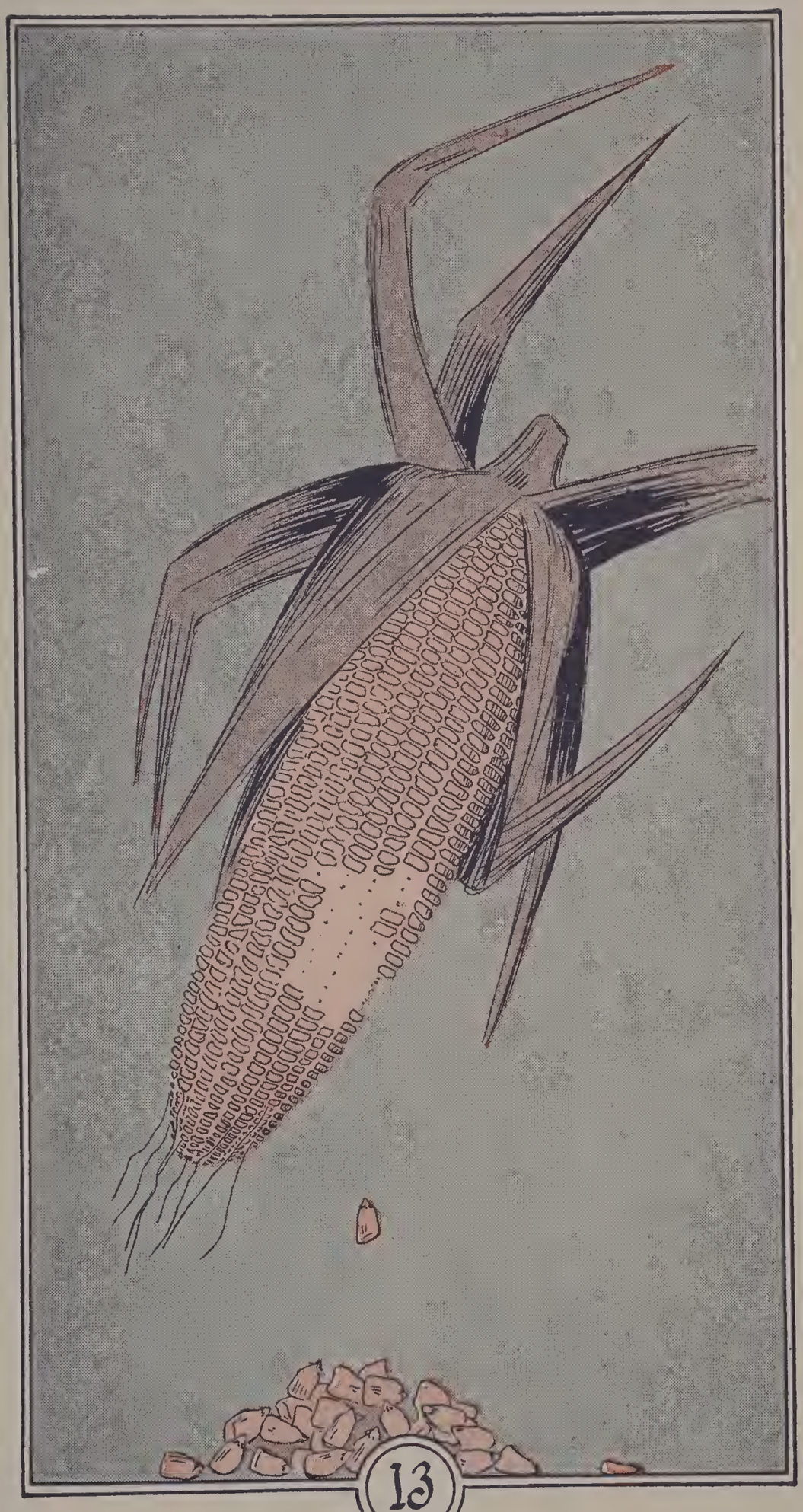
How Mr. Blue Peacock Won a First Prize.

Mr. Blue Peacock

Once upon a time some of the fowls of Barnyard Village made ready to have a beauty show.

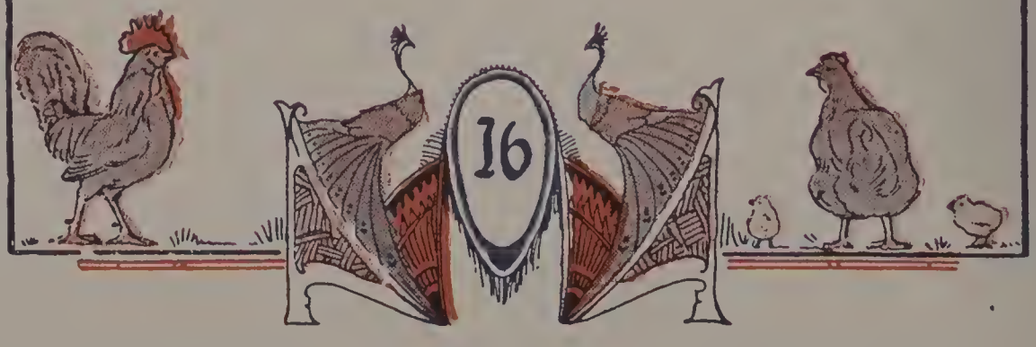
Of course many of them were so proud of themselves and their babies that they acted as if they would have no trouble in winning the beauty prize.

So they all were pleased and in favor of having the Beauty Show the first sunny day, and to have a prize of thirty-five grains of corn for the most handsome fowl.

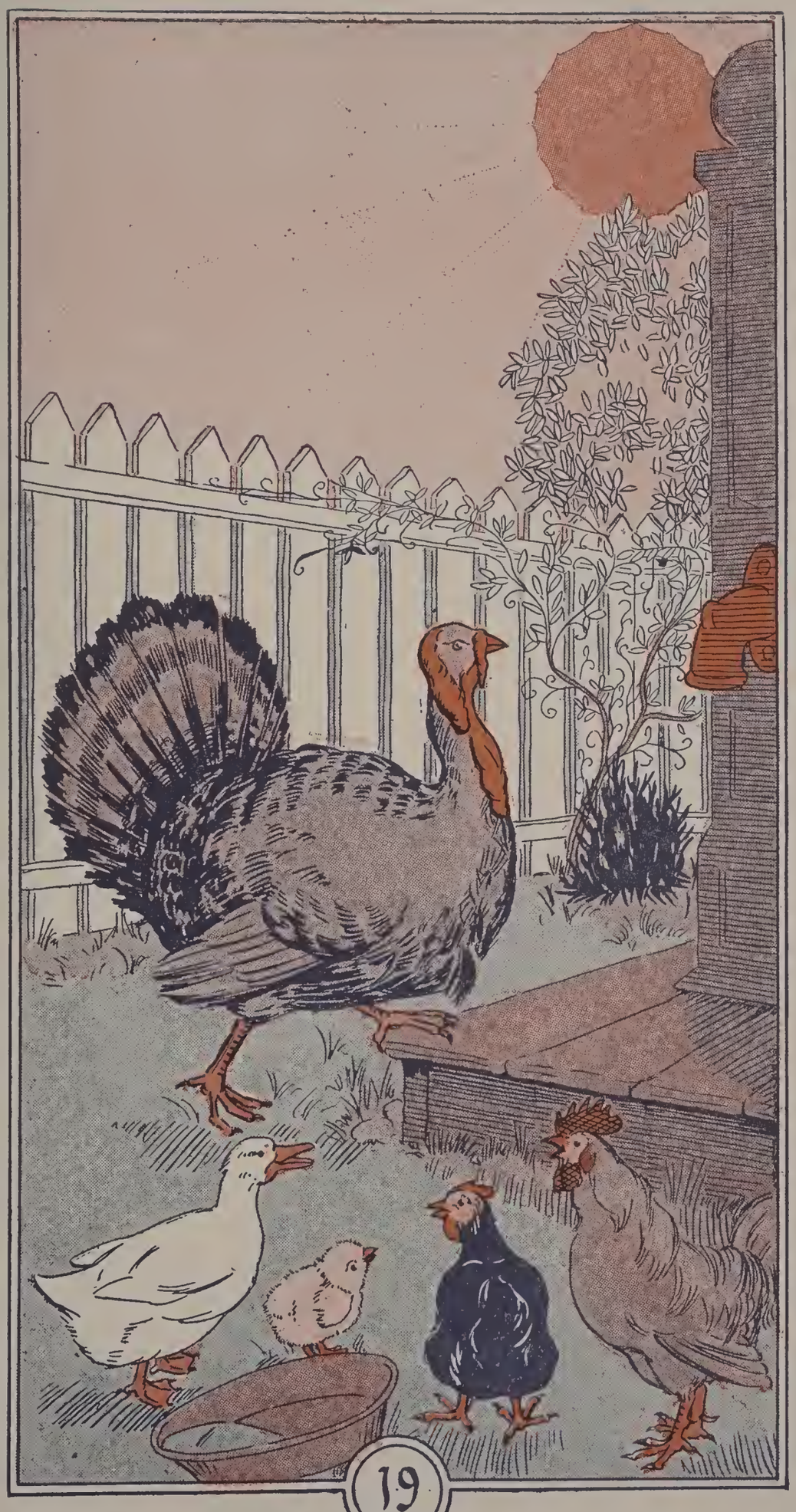


Such a busy time as there was in the village for the fowls that were making ready to win the prize on the Beauty Show Day.

First came Turkey Gobbler.



He had begun to feel so very vain by the attention that the farmhouse people had given him since he had been getting so big and fat, that he strutted as if there couldn't possibly be a handsomer bird anywhere than he was.

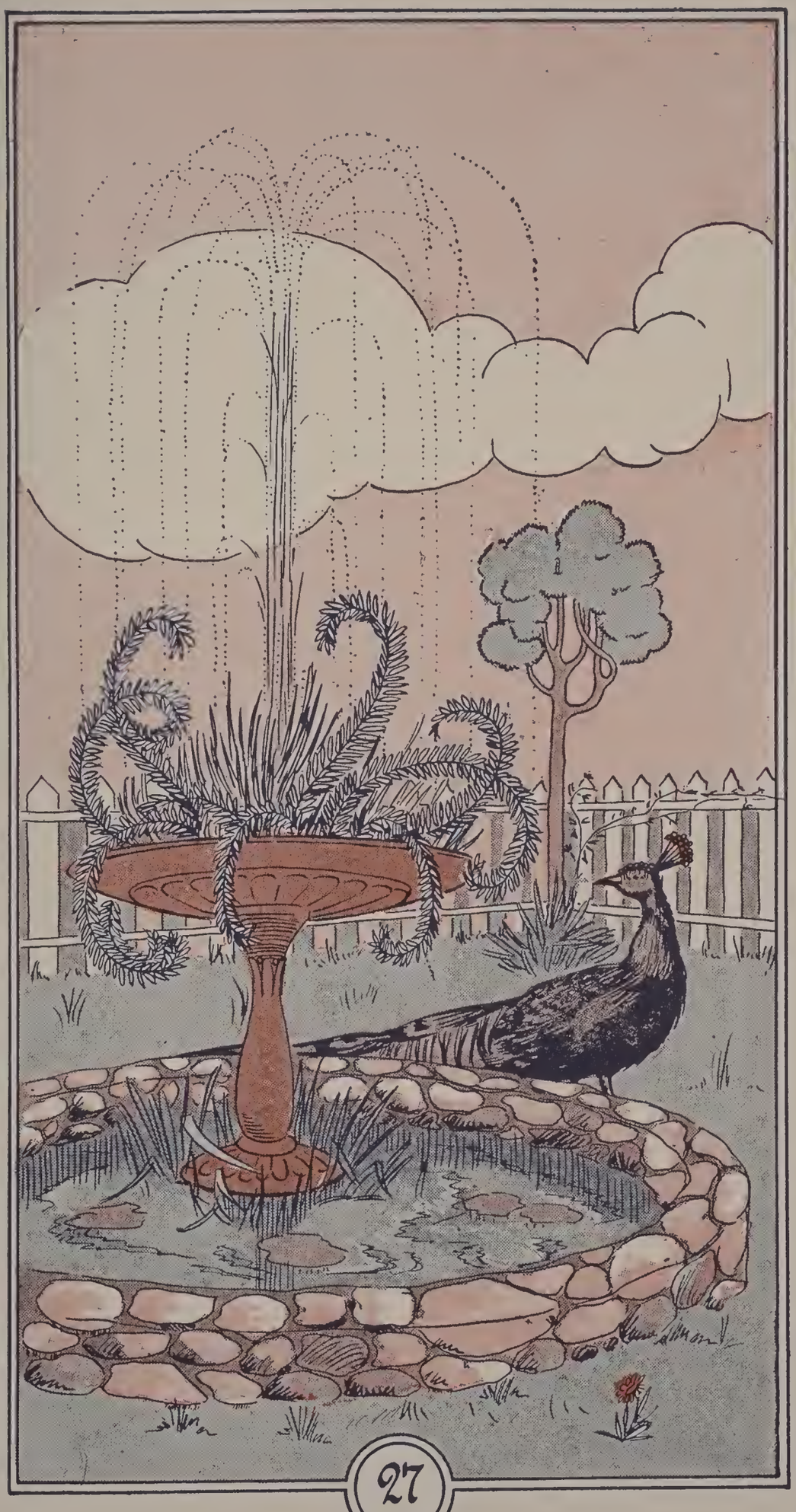


Then came a group of guinea fowls who made a great deal of noise trying to tell the Barnyard folk all about the beauty of their feathers.

Of course Mother Black Hen was there with her brood of little black chickens, each one of whom she felt should take a separate prize, as she could not decide which one was the most beautiful. She was certain no other fowl could begin to be as beautiful as any one of them.

Back of her wobbled Mrs. Gray Duck with her little ducklings, one holding up its head in pride, quacking, as if to say "my beauty is the best of all."

Now among all these folk of Barnyard Village was a certain Mr. Blue Peacock. He really strutted around in the front yard most of the time so the Barnyard folk did not know him very well.



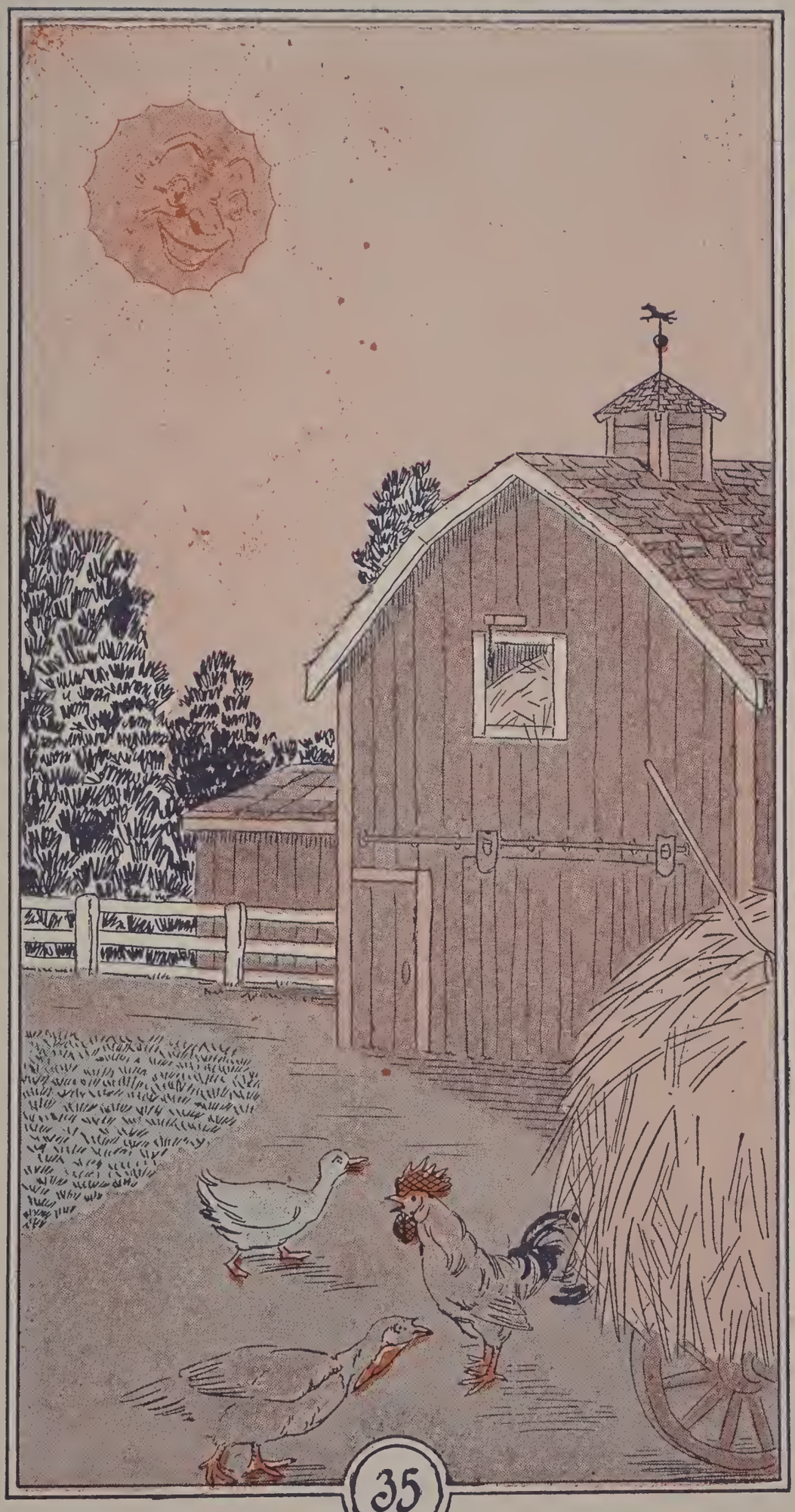
But he squeezed under the Barnyard gate and said he would be there for the Beauty Show.

No one seemed to think much about him, for he walked along in an ordinary way, paying no attention to anyone.

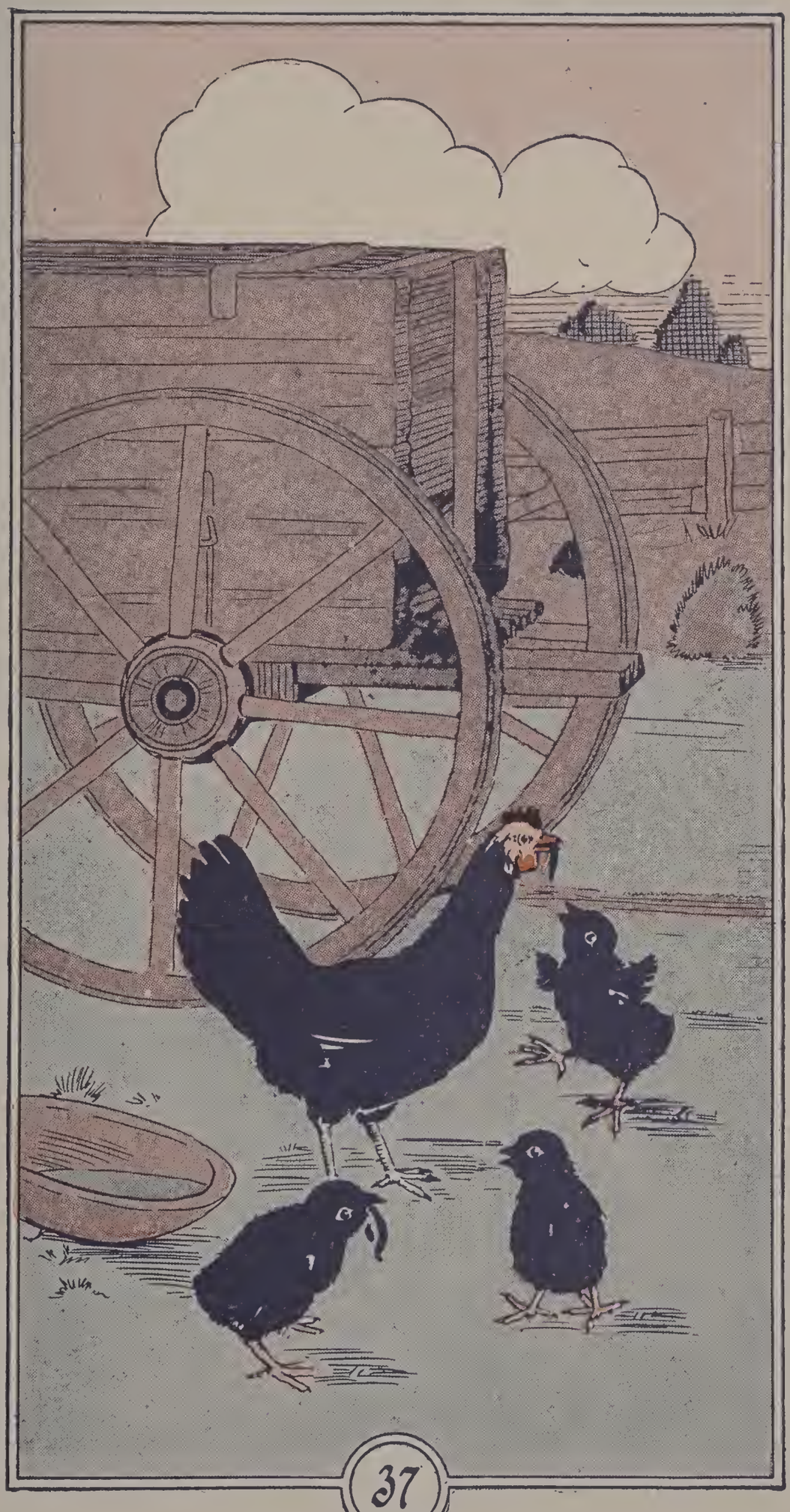
Only Mrs. Black Hen seemed to notice the long tail which he dragged behind him and she spoke of it to Mrs. Gray Duck.

At last the day for the Beauty Show arrived. It was a fine day. Father Sun shone in the heavens, and if anyone could possibly have looked into his face he might have seen him smiling at the funny sight down in Barnyard Village.

Such a primping as was going on! Mr. Rooster shook out his red beard, ruffled his feathers and cock-a-doodled a good deal.



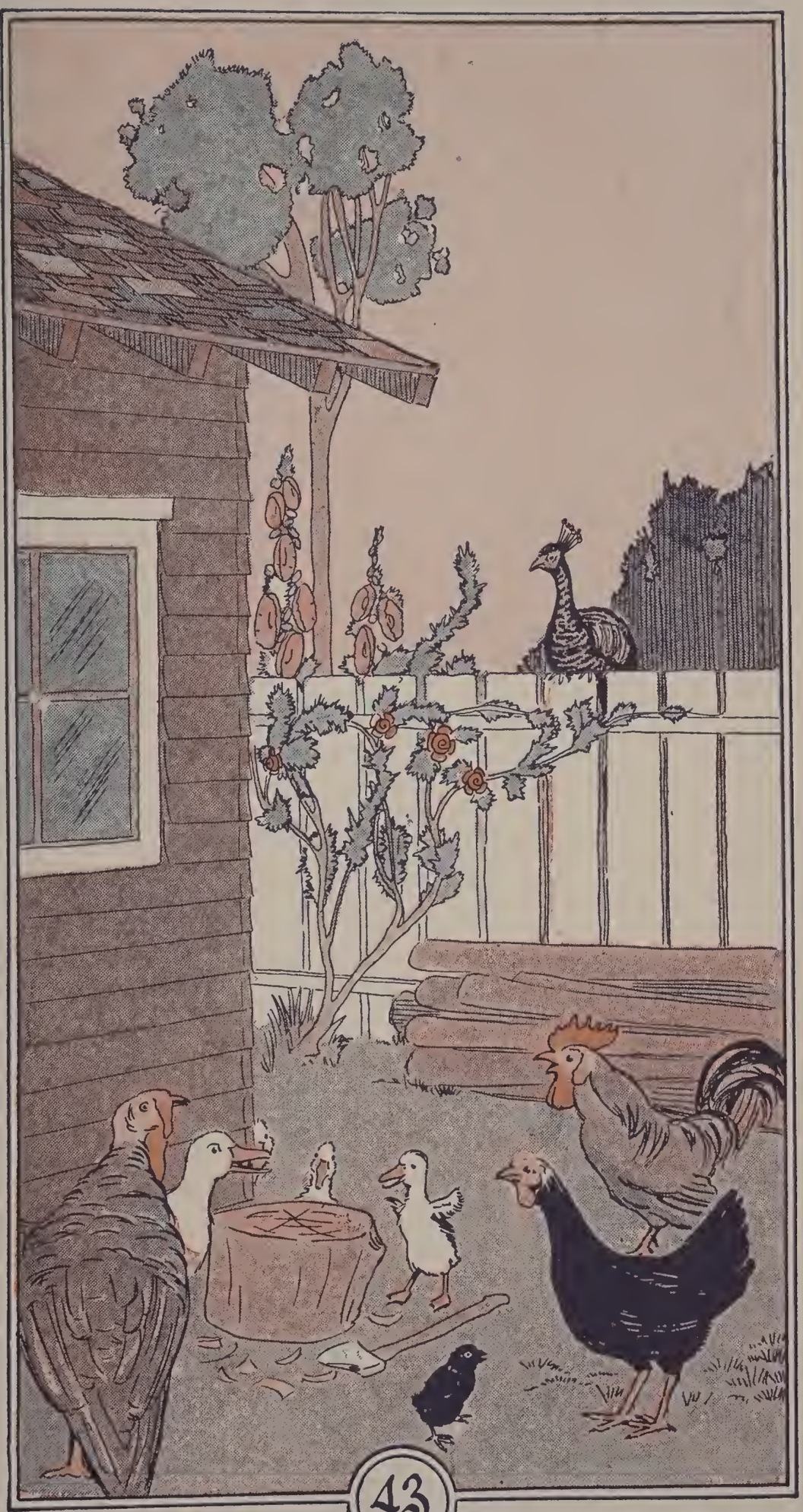
Mrs. Black Hen clucked to her children and fed them plenty of worms so they would feel and look their best during the Show.



Mrs. Gray Duck took the little ducklings for a swim, so that if there were any brown mud stains on their pretty rain coats, they would be washed away.

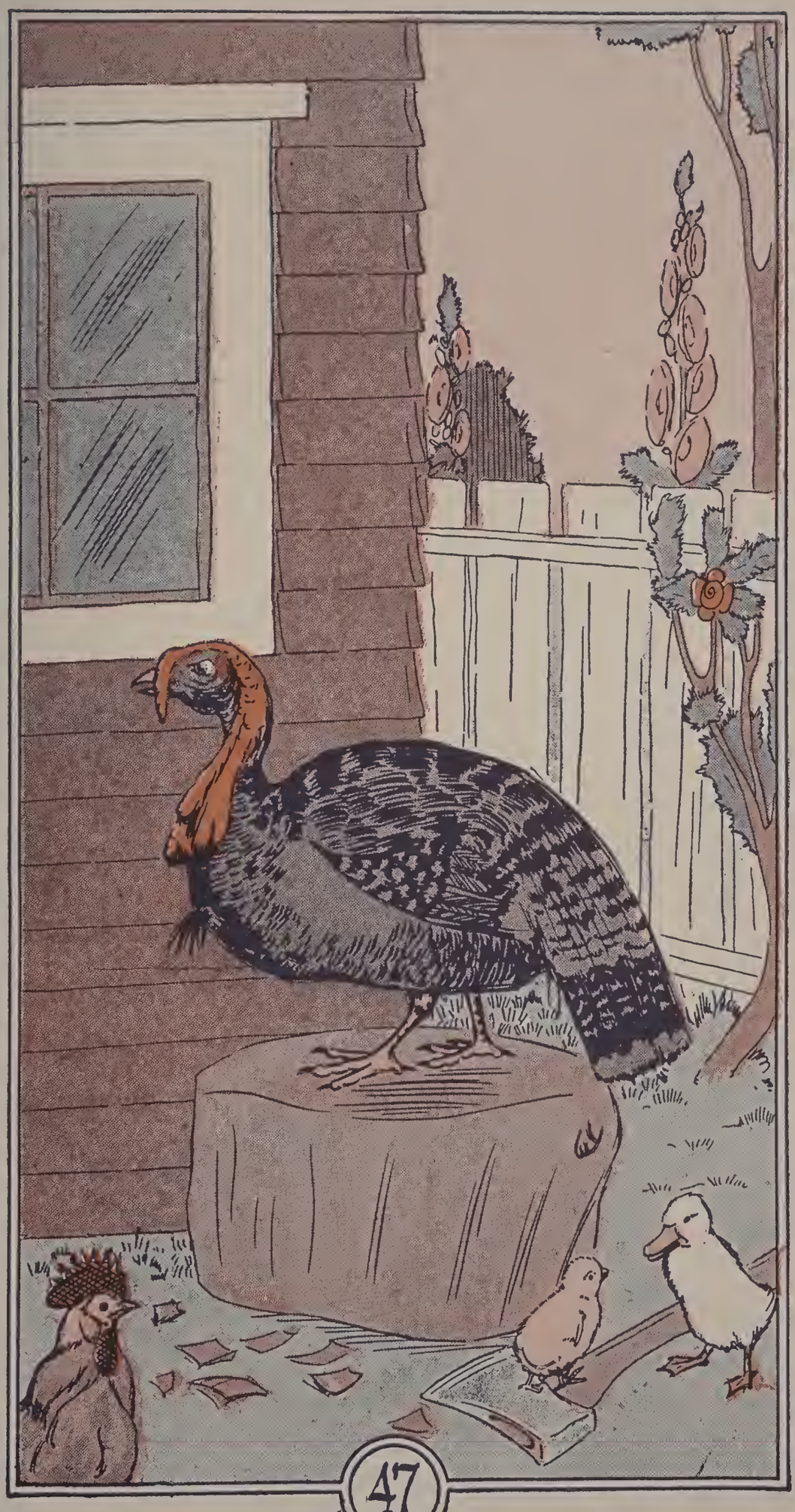
The guinea fowls ran to and fro, shaking out their speckled coats.

At last the Beauty Show started. Mr. Blue Peacock was the last to arrive; he came in very quietly and took a seat on the fence. One by one the Barnyard folk walked to the block in front, jumped upon it and showed their beauty.

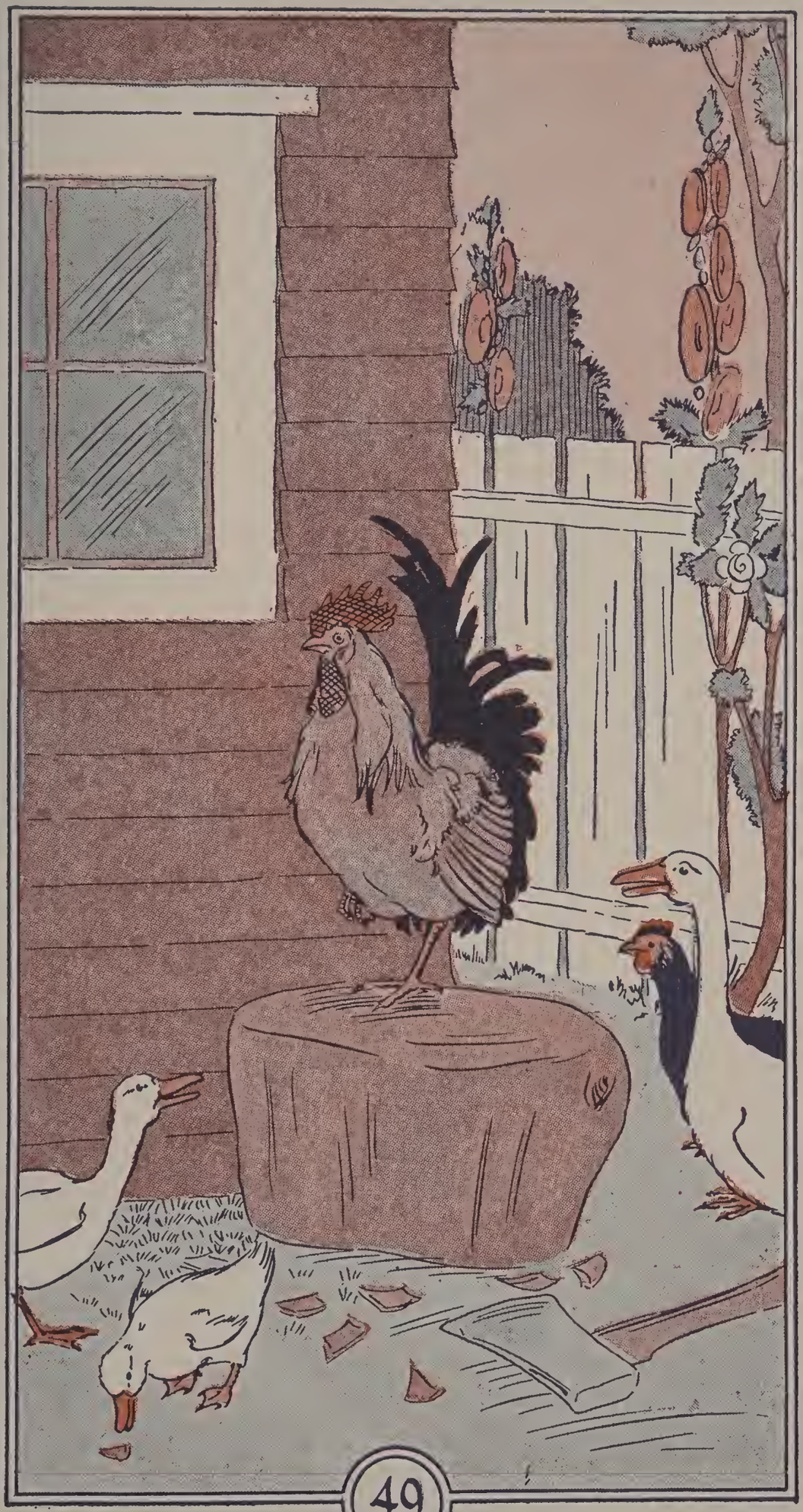


Everyone cheered when the little chicks and ducklings appeared and seemed to say, "Aren't they dear!"

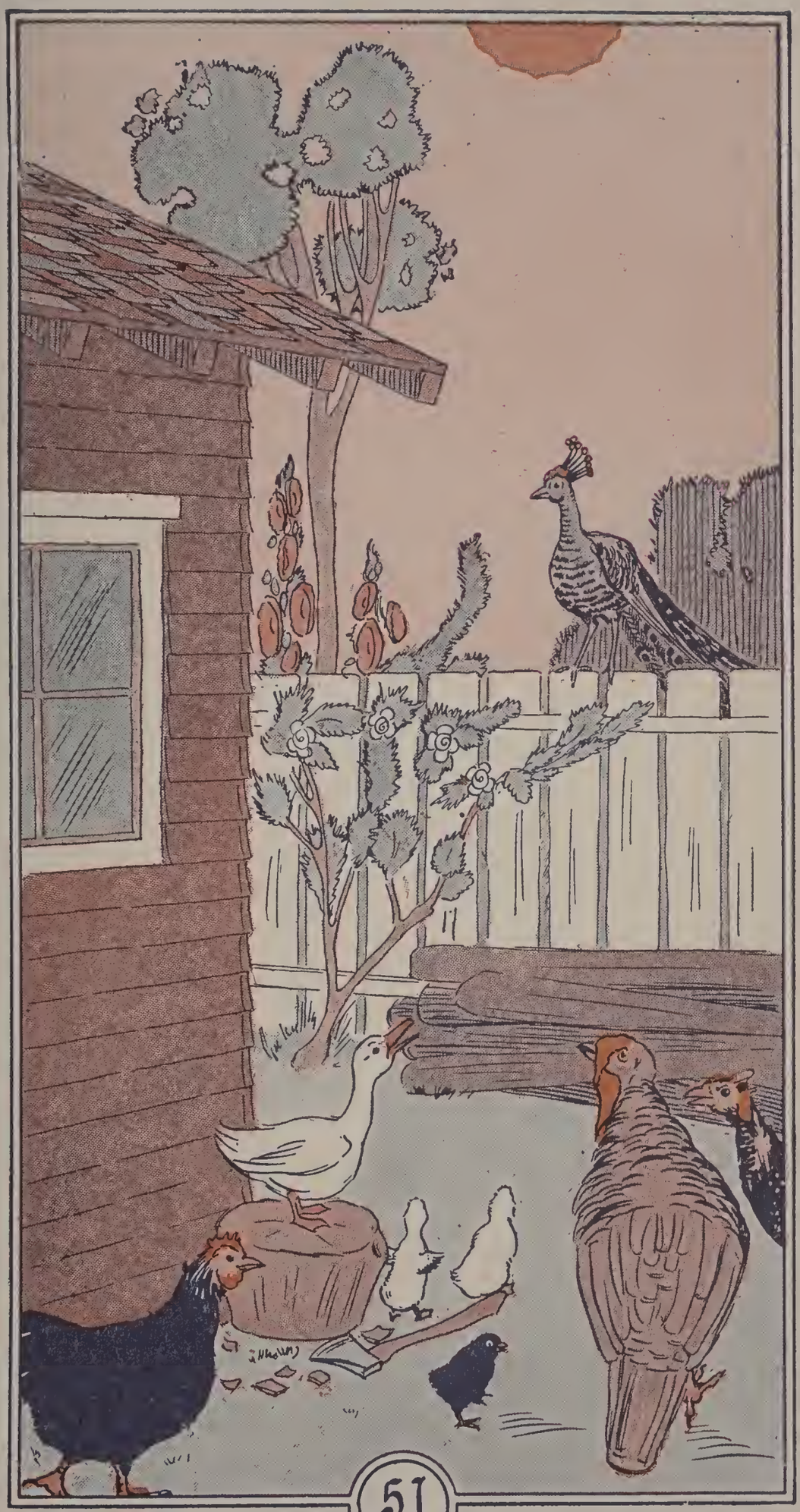
Turkey Gobbler was surprized to see that his beauty was not half as much cared for by his own folk as by the farm-house people.



Mr. Rooster, too, was disappointed when he received only a mild cheer. His beautiful red beard looked paler and his comb dropped several inches.



Suddenly everyone became much excited, for Mr. Blue Peacock had jumped up on the fence. He was not satisfied with the showing-off wooden block, so there on the fence he stood until all eyes were looking at him. Then he slowly and proudly raised his long tail and spread it out fanlike in the sparkling rays of the sun.

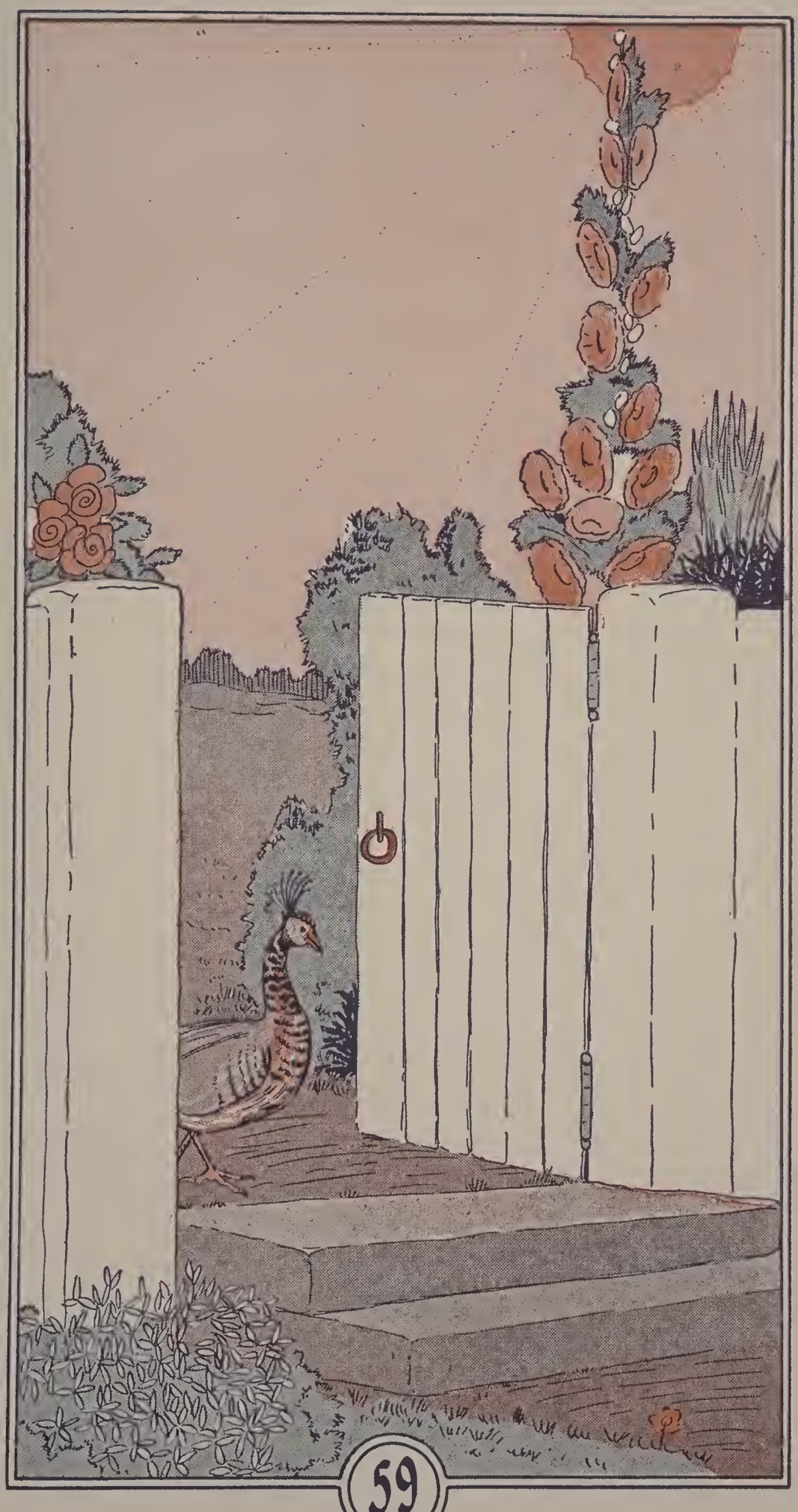


Such "Ohs" and "Ahs" the fowls seemed to say! Mr. Rooster was quite silent with wonder. Mrs. Black Hen pulled her chicks under her wings for she was afraid some great king had come, who might take her chicks away from her.

So wonderful was Mr. Blue Peacock's train that Mrs. Gray Duck spread her wings over her ducklings, for she was afraid the many colors were too bright for their young eyes. Turkey Gobbler stared in open wonder.

Never had there been such a sight in Barnyard Village. It was as if all the colors of the rainbow had been blended into one wonderful mass. Sparkles and speckles and pinwheels dazzled the eyes of the Barnyard folk as, very grandly and quietly, Mr. Peacock stood on the fence and turned his beautiful tail from side to side.

Then, when he felt that the prize was his, he slowly dropped his tail, and folding it together jumped down from the fence and walked out of the Barnyard, only waiting on the other side of the fence to call, "I'll send the Queen over for our thirty-five grains of corn."



Mr. Blue Peacock

There was never the least question among the fowls of Barnyard Village as to whether he deserved the corn. They all had to agree that the beauty prize belonged to Mr. Blue Peacock.

"But," said Mother Black Hen to Mother Gray Duck, as they cackled and quacked to each other that evening, "Anyone can see he acts very proud. One could see that as soon as one looked at him. So I think we can agree that just to be beautiful is not so much, if we are not useful too."

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